VOLUME ONE NUMBER FOUR

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HOT FOX BONDAGE

IN THIS FOXY ISSUE:

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LETTERS TO THE MASTER

SPECIAL FEATURE!
BONDAGE HORROR FICTION:
DUNGEON OF THE INQUISITOR
BY MASTER MANDRAKE

"IT IS DIFFICULT TO FIND IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF REVOLUTIONARIES SUCH AS JEFFERSON OR MADISON A READING OF THE FIRST AMENDMENT TO SUGGEST THAT THE WORDS 'CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW' ABRIDGING FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND PRESS TO MEAN THAT CONGRESS MAY MAKE *SOME* LAWS HAVING THAT EFFECT."

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EDITORIAL

EDITORIAL FROM MASTER MANDRAKE: At one time bondage was the pastime of kings. It is reserved for royalty no longer. The right to enjoy bondage with consenting adults is no more a moral issue than the right of mature people to screw without being married. There is certainly no greater number of bloodthirsty maniacs, rapists, muggers, or communists among the people who enjoy bondage than among the people who ball only with the man on top and within the confines of marriage. A good point, in fact, is to be made that these complex sexual relationships are a release from frustrations which might otherwise vent themselves as antisocial behavior.

Many people look upon bondage as a perversion. They only show their ignorance by such an attitude. There is nothing perverted about people satisfying each other sexually and emotionally, however, those who are looking for "blood and guts" bondage would do better to look elsewhere. Strict bondage for MUTUAL pleasure is the theme of this publication.

We at P.A.G.E. are trying to bring you the best in bondage photos and bondage ideas. WE WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU. Criticisms, suggestions, ideas, etc., will help us to give YOU a better magazine. Tell us what you think. Share your ideas with others of similar interests. Address correspondence to: Master Mandrake, c/o P.A.G.E., P.O. Box 26560, Los Angeles, California 90026.

Hot Fox Bondage : *published quarterly by London Enterprises Limited and distributed by Lyndon Distributing Limited, 15756 Arminta Street, Van Nuys, California 91406.*

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THE MASTER'S MAILBAG

Dear Master Mandrake,

The market is so flooded with bondage in high heels and boots that your magazine "Bondage in Rope and Leather" coming into existence is in order. We need magazines like yours. One that the girls bound without any ridiculous costumes, but just plain every day settings before sexual practices. Since bondage is a pregame of sex, everybody wants to be as bare as possible, though not necessarily naked. Girls bound with their feet bare have two advantages. Firstly their big-toes can be tied too, thus adding spice to the bondage game. Secondly their feet can be tickled and lots of girls are ticklish and easily turned on that way.

I hope you keep up your barefooted format, although you can throw in some big-toe bondage to make the scenes look more exotic. Yes, big-toe bondage looks simple, but it adds variation to the game and variation is what keeps a good magazine tick.

Big-toe bondage Fan,
G. D.
Vancouver, Canada

Dear Editor,

I have just bought Vol. 1 Number 3 of Hot Fox Bondage and its very good. You asked for suggestions on what we'd like so here goes.

I have all three issues of Hot Fox and they get better each time. My suggestion is to show more toe bondage like "Oriental Bondage Fantasy" and "Restraint for a Run Away" as in Vol. 1 Number 3. The last article in Vol. 1 Number 1 also had some. Only problem is, how about showing more pictures of the bare soles-bound toes shots. You show a chick tied several different ways which is fine—but lets have more than just passing interest on toe bondage.

Take "Restraint for a Run Away" for instance. Imagine the girl's kneeling position on the couch with having her ankles tied together, feet overlapping and her toes tied to the legs of the sofa. The big toes could either be bound together or individually with twine or thin leather laces, then pulled tightly toward the legs straight down or spread apart. Other methods could be the hogtie with the toes tied to the wrists—very provocative by my opinion. Sitting on a chair with the girls feet propped up on a sturdy hitch such as a post or fence railing and toes bound with plastic ratchet straps—perfect for tickling. Lay a girl face down on a bed, hands tied behind her and attached to a shoulder harness. Gag her with a red bandana. Tie her at the knees and ankles, bare feet overlapping. Now tie her toes together and pull the string and attach it to the bed frame tight. "Spank" her on the soles with a ruler, not too hard, just enough to sting. After she is punished take eight clothespins and attach them to each of her other toes and leave her to meditate. One hour later she should be ready to comply with her man. Anyway, plenty of shots showing the soles with the suggestions mentioned. Venetian blind cord, packing twine, leather thongs, and baling twine are all suited for big toe securing gags—strips of cloth such as bandanas, neck-ties, etc. are the "regulars." Other forms such as rubber and plastic balls for more stringent restrains. But how about using a bridle bit rig, then take the reins and attach them over the shoulders to the bound wrists behind the woman's back. Rope could also be used—more as a restraint than an actual gag. Wide tape is fine too.

Bondage apparatus—rope most of the time but leather straps, strips of cloth and "plastic cuffs" are fine. I don't like chains, arm sleeves or boots they are not real "ties". I also don't like helmets, masks and blindfolds—they hide good looks. I've noticed you don't use those gimmicks.

Thank you for your time. Let's keep it realistic, bare and simple. Bare legs, tight bonds, gags, and big smooth bare soles.

J. J.

Dear Master Mandrake,

I have been a practitioner of the "art" since the age of 18 and a collector since the age of 21.

I have "Bonda" Numbers 1&2. Also "Hot-Fox-Bondage" Numbers 1&2.

You're material is quite good, but there is always room for improvement with everything in life,—including you're material. My only suggestion is to study the material of other outfits and learn from them as well as they learn from you! The best master to learn from is to study the works of the late great master "John Willie" (John-Alexander-Scott-Koutts.) Follow in his tradition, and you cannot go wrong!! (Both photography and artwork.) I give this advice to anyone in the field of B./D. (Thank-you.)

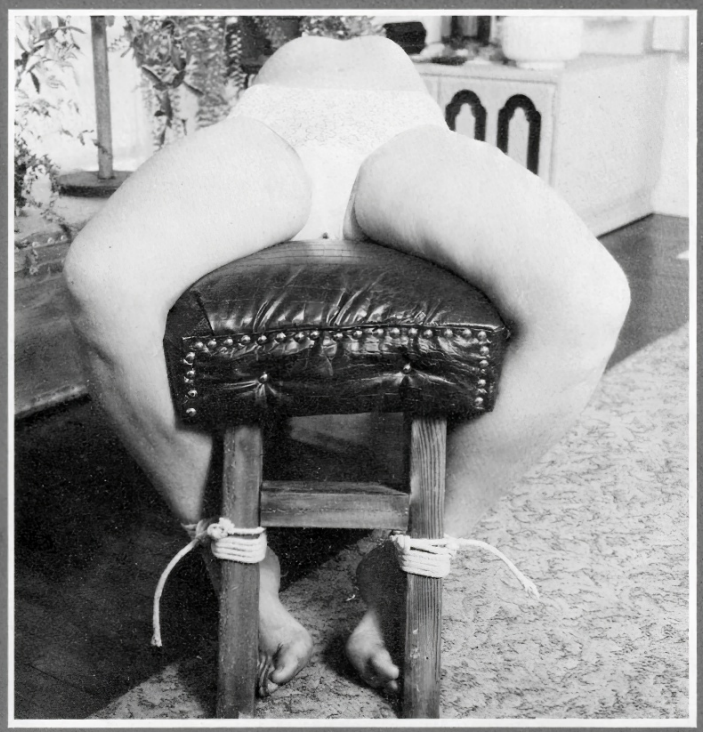
Sincerely,
D.B.S.
New Jersey

TRAINING HER TO PLEASE

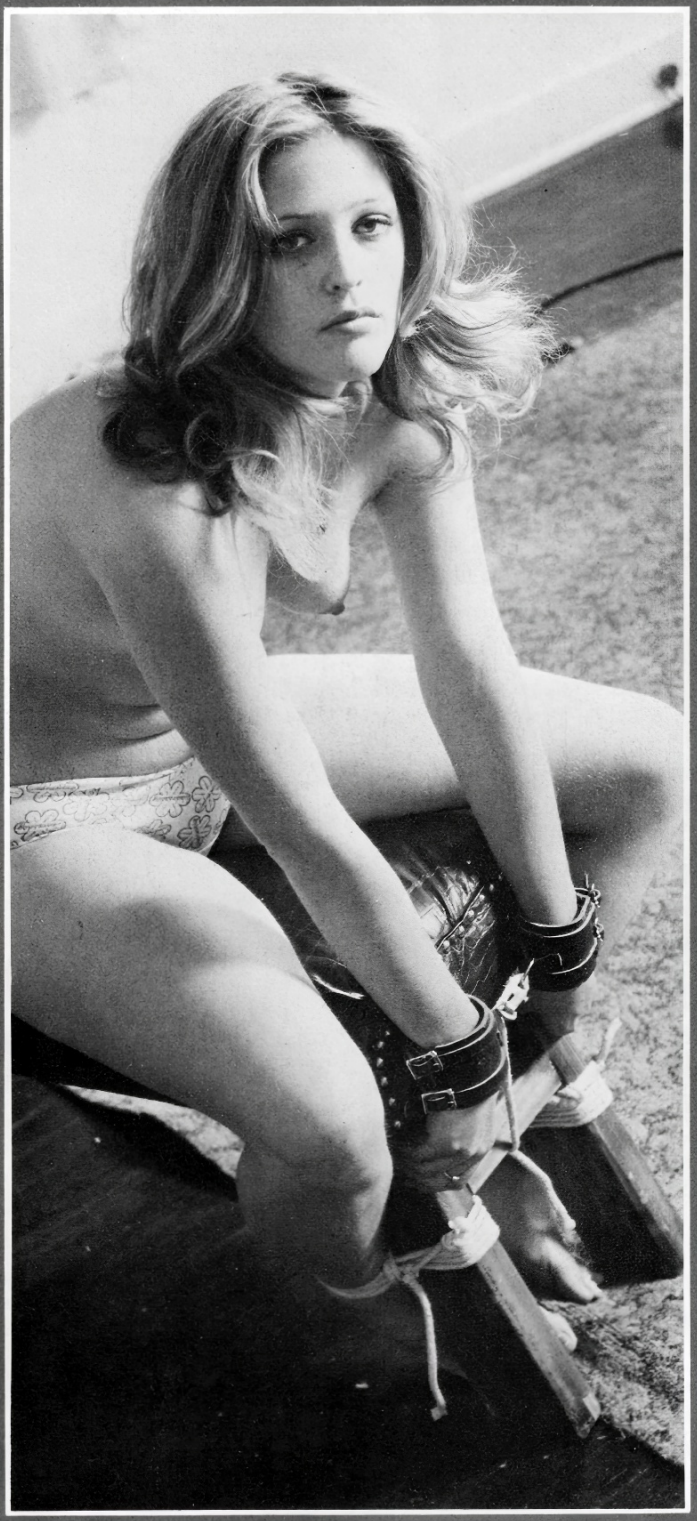
Saturday has always been discipline day since before we were married. After breakfast I read her a list of transgressions and then prescribe the proper punishment. Today I have a special surprise in store for her. My younger brother Randy flew in from the East this morning. He's engaged to be married so I invited him to watch. He may pick up a few ideas that will prove useful in his forthcoming marriage. Today I sentenced her to a long session with the ropes and sexual humiliation with an audience.

Carla begged me not to humiliate her in front of Randy but her pleas went unheeded. She fidgeted nervously as I pulled her top down, exposing her youthful breasts. Her face flushed crimson with humiliation when I abused her sensitive breasts and pussy. A strap was applied to her mouth to force her to drool.

As the discipline session progressed the bulge in Randy's pants became more apparent. I bound Carla to the punishment bench, then pulled her panties down. While I attacked from the rear she gave good service to my brother.



Tiring of this sport I turned her over and began working from the front. The abuse and humiliation was doing its job on Carla. A gag became necessary to quiet her promises of obedience.



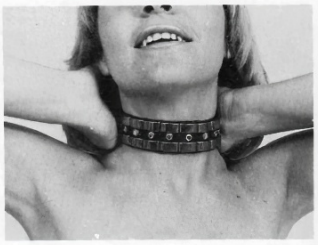
Carla's sobs changed to moans as my root probed her inner recesses. Male juice ran from her mouth as Randy reached a shuddering orgasm. She flung her head back and forth as my manhood pounded its message home. Like a volcano my rod fired its hot lava deep within her as a huge orgasm wracked both of our bodies. After a short rest I retied her in a holding position and gave strict instructions to sit still and not try to escape while we went to the store for another six-pack of beer.

BRAND NEW BONDAGE ITEMS!

ESM Publishing Company is steadily expanding its mail-order business. Here are the latest items we have created for the bondage enthusiast. These items are all custom-made in our own workshop to your specifications; we maintain no inventory, each item being made to order. All collars, cuffs, etc., are made from only first-quality leathers and materials, and are fully lined for greater comfort. We think you will find these products to be among the finest to be found anywhere, at any price. Please allow us the flexibility of up to an eight-week delivery period, so we can give your order the time and attention it requires to do a proper job. And please be sure to send in all measurements with your order so we can start on it right away!

WRIST CUFFS (BD-109)
¾" wide woven leather and shiny round chrome links. Black, dark brown, red, white leather, and silver kidskin. $15.00 pair for leather; $20.00 for silver kid. State wrist size. Also matching collar (BD-109A). $15.00 in leather; $20.00 in silver kid. State neck size. No leash lead needed.

COLLAR (BD-127)
A gleaming circlet of chrome studs on a 1¼" leather band. Black or brown leather or suede, or silver kidskin. $20.00 in leather; $25.00 in suede or silver kid. State neck size. Leash lead $5.00 extra.



COLLAR (BD-130)
A 1¼" wide leather collar trimmed with two rows of gleaming studs and center row of sparkling rhinestones. Black or brown leather or suede, or silver kidskin. $20.00 for leather; $25.00 for suede or kidskin. Leash lead $5.00 extra. State neck size.

COLLAR (BD-133)
Just like our collar BD-132 but set with rectangular chrome studs instead of pyramid. Black or brown leather or suede, or silver kidskin. $15.00 for leather; $20.00 for suede or silver kid. Leash lead $5.00 extra. State neck size.

ARM SHEATH (BD-113)
A modified single-glove of heavy, stiff leather that binds the arms together behind the back. Attached shoulder harness keeps sheath from slipping down. D-ring at wrists. Black only! $65.00 State exact measurements.

COLLAR (BD-128)
A 1" wide woven leather and square chrome links beauty! Black or brown leather or suede, or silver kidskin. $15.00 for leather; $20.00 for suede or silver kid. State neck size.

COLLAR (BD-131)
A 1-1/8" wide leather collar with chrome rings centered with sparkling rhinestones all around. Black or brown leather or suede, or silver kidskin. $15.00 for leather; $20.00 for suede or silver kid. No leash lead needed. State neck size.

BRIDLE GAG (BD-135)
Our deluxe bridle gag, to be used over the mouth-packing of your choice. Excellent fit, good silencing. With or without butterfly. Black or brown leather or suede, or silver kidskin. $25.00 in leather; $35.00 in suede or silver kid. Give all measurements.

HEART GAG (BD-121)
A black leather gag with mouth-filling pear on the back and a bright red suede heart on the front. Also available in white leather or silver kidskin. $35.00 for leather; $45.00 for silver kid. State exact measurements.

COLLAR (BD-129)
A ¾" wide leather band set with chrome pyramid studs all around. Black or brown leather or suede, or silver kidskin. $15.00 for leather; $20.00 for suede or silver kid. Leash lead $5.00 extra. State neck size.

COLLAR (BD-132)
A 1¼" wide leather band set with alternating pyramid chrome studs all around. Black or brown leather or suede, or silver kidskin. $15.00 for leather; $20.00 for suede or silver kid. Leash lead $5.00 extra. State neck size.

CHAIN-BALL GAG (BD-134)
A ball gag made with gleaming chrome chain, and our unique O-ring construction for best fit. Padlocks on! (3 padlocks included) With small, med. or large ball. (State which.) $30.00

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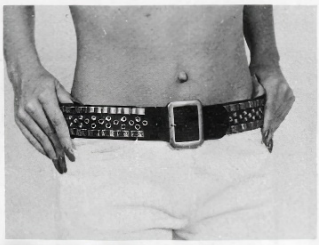
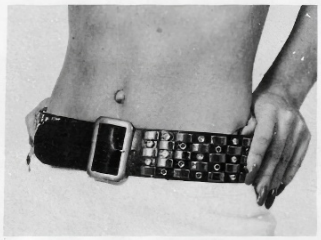
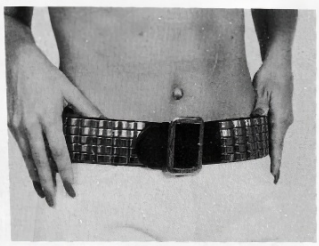
STRAP GAG (BD-136)
A snug-fitting strap gag to be used over the mouth-packing of your choice. Black or brown leather or suede, or silver kidskin. $20.00 in leather; $25.00 in suede or silver kid. Give all measurements.



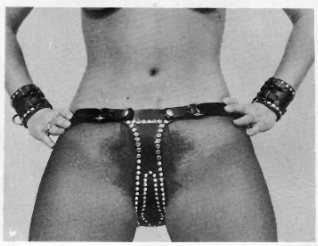
BELT (BD-138)
A beautiful 1¾" wide belt with two rows of gleaming chrome studs and three rows of sparkling rhinestones. In black, dark brown, beige or rust leather or suede. $40.00. State exact waist size. (Measure over pants for perfect fit.)



BELT (BD-139)
A dramatic belt 2" wide (will fit most jeans) with five rows of alternating chrome studs and sparkling rhinestones. In black, dark brown, beige or rust leather or suede. $40.00 State exact waist size. (Measure over pants for perfect fit.)

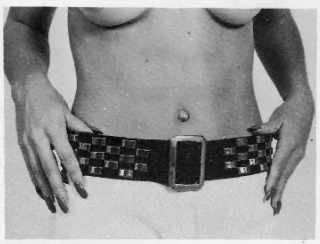


BELT (BD-140)
A stunning belt 2" wide (fits most jeans) covered with 5 rows of chrome studs all around. Black only. $35.00 NOT SHOWN: BD-140A Same belt 1¾" wide with 4 rows of studs, more formal and elegant. $30.00. A fantastic belt!

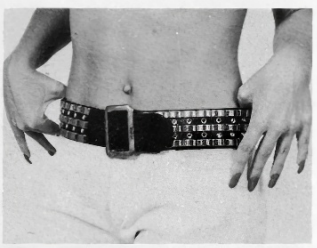


G-STRING (BD-126)
A delightful G-String of sparkling rhinestones and leather. Elastic waist straps snap on/off, adjust from front or rear. Large teardrop opening in front for easy access! Can be equipped with butt plug. $75.00 black or brown leather; $95.00 in suede or silver kid. Butt plug $20.00 extra. Give complete measurements.

PLASTICUFFS (BD-137)
We have a limited quantity of plasticuffs in 3 sizes: Small (fingers and toes), Medium (wrists) and Large (ankles). Can be combined to make up longer lengths. Once in place cannot be removed except by cutting off with wirecutter! Small 9/$3.00, Medium 5/$3.00, Large 8/$4.00. Get them while they last! (State size)



BELT (BD-141)
A 2" wide belt with 5 alternating rows of chrome studs. (Similar to belt BD-140.) In black, dark brown, beige or rust leather or suede. $35.00 State exact waist size. (Measure over pants for perfect fit.)



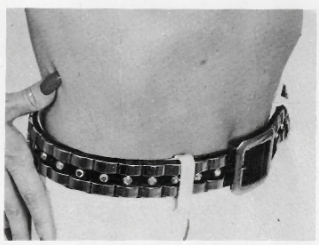
BELT (BD-142)
Our most lavish belt; 2" wide, with three rows of gleaming chrome studs and two rows of sparkling rhinestones. In black, dark brown, beige or rust suede or leather. $45.00 State exact waist size. (Measure over pants for perfect fit.)

Don't miss these!

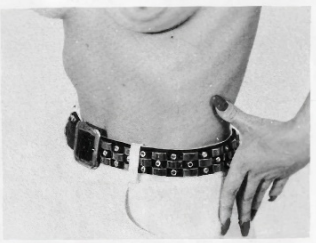
BONDAGE/S&M/TV/FETISH DIRECTORY #1 (BD-145)
Recently we gathered a list of mail-order companies in the bondage, S&M, TV and related fetish fields from about 25 publications. Bondage equipment, shoes, boots, leather, rubber, corsets, photo-paks, whips, books, magazines . . . anything we thought interesting. We gave one of our staff a bunch of money and said "send away for their catalogs, or whatever." We've compiled the results of this research into our new BONDAGE/S&M/TV/FETISH DIRECTORY #1, which contains: all the names and addresses, what we sent away for, how long it took, and what we got back for our money. About 50 companies are reported on, for only $5.00. (That's about 10¢ a name.) You shouldn't be without this directory if you plan on spending any money by mail.

UNDERGROUND BONDAGE PUBLICATIONS
ESM Publishing Company is in the process of putting together a series of bondage publications that will probably NEVER BE SOLD ON THE NEWSSTAND, OR IN ADULT BOOKSTORES! If you want information on what they are, and how to get them you will have to be on our mailing list to get it! Send in your name and address and $1.00 to cover the cost of processing right away!

COMING SOON!
Our mail-order business is expanding, and in the works are flyers offering brand-new photo-paks, a custom corset-manufacturing service, a custom shoe and boot manufacturing service and much more, including special sales. If you are not on our mailing list you will never know about these fabulous offers or what you are missing. Send your name & address and $1.00 to cover the cost of processing today!



BELT (BD-143)
For narrow pants loops. A 1¼" wide belt with two outer rows of chrome studs and a center row of sparkling rhinestones. In black, dark brown, beige or rust suede or leather. $25.00 State exact waist size. (Measure over pants for perfect fit.)



BELT (BD-144)
For narrow pants loops. A 1¼" wide belt with alternating chrome studs and sparkling rhinestones. In black, dark brown, beige or rust suede or leather. $25.00 State exact waist size. (Measure over pants for perfect fit.)

To order use coupon on page 39

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ROPEBURNS FOR AN INDIAN PRINCESS

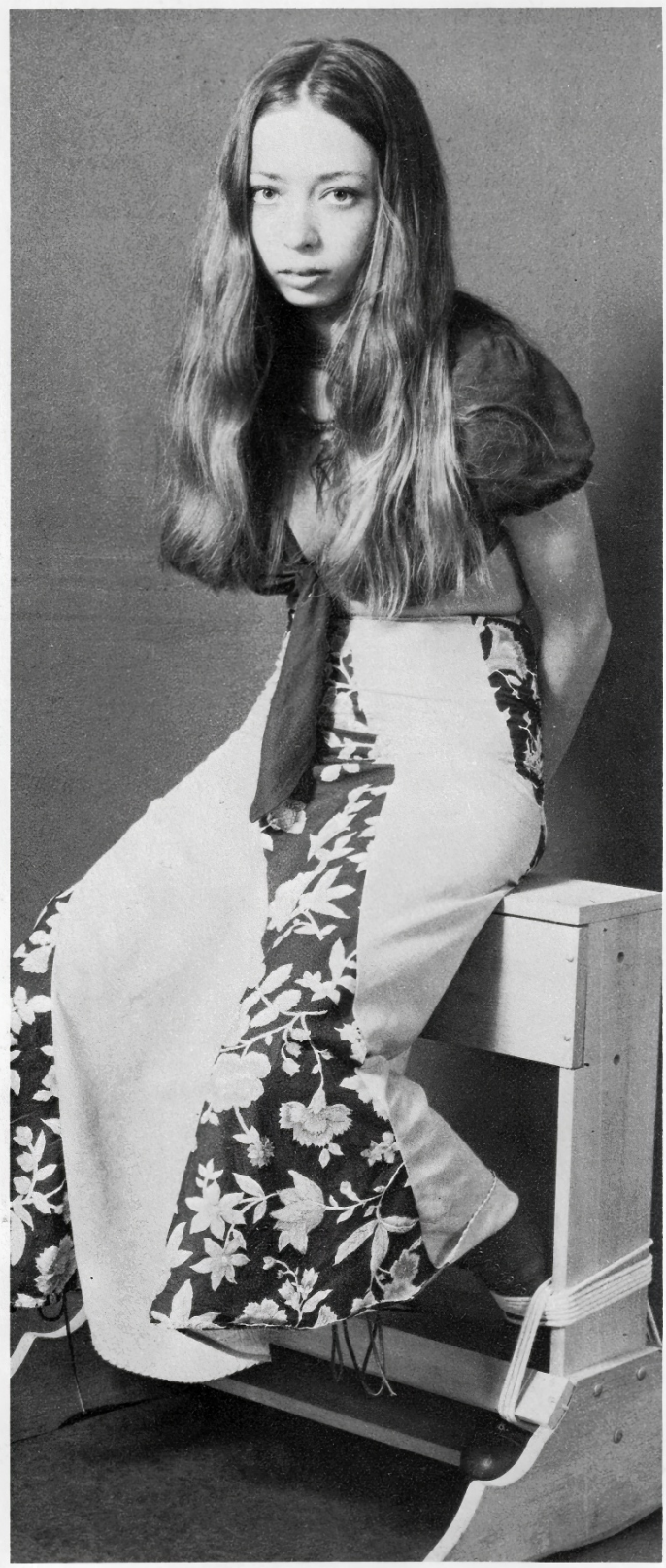
My horse, galloping at top speed, slowly gained ground on the voluptuous young Indian girl. Her long black hair streamed behind her as she lashed her horse to top speed. Pulling along side, I grabbed her and pulled up my horse's reins. We tumbled to the ground. My captive clawed and bit like a wildcat but I soon had her hands tightly bound. We were soon heading for the house, Maria tied over her horse. Once in my playroom I bound her elbows, bent her back with a rod and pulled down her top, exposing her suckable breasts.

The long black rod held Maria's legs spread for my teasing fingers. Gently I stroked her moist pussy til she was just about to come, then pinched it. Her sexy sounds changed to curses which were quickly silenced with a rubber ball gag.

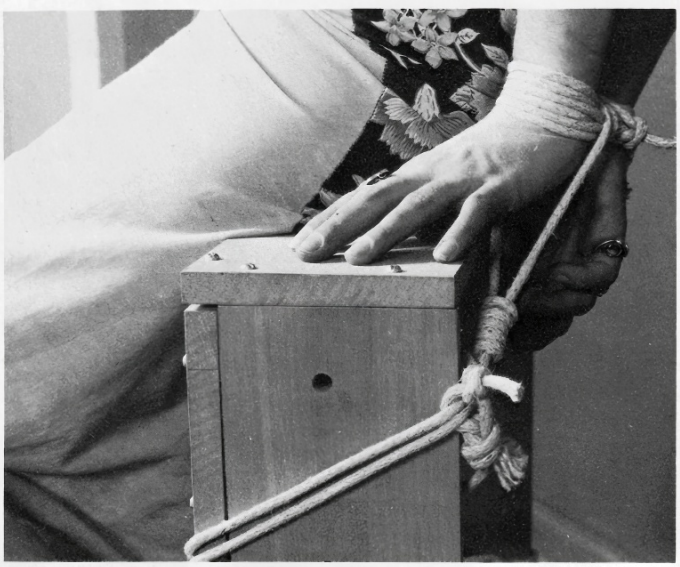
Maria screamed for me to relieve her but the screams died behind the gag. My fingers and tongue brought her almost to the peak again and again. When limits of her sanity had been reached, I mercifully granted her what she craved. In the afterglow of a tremendous orgasm I gently unbound my beautiful wife, now completely satisfied and carried her up to the bedroom.

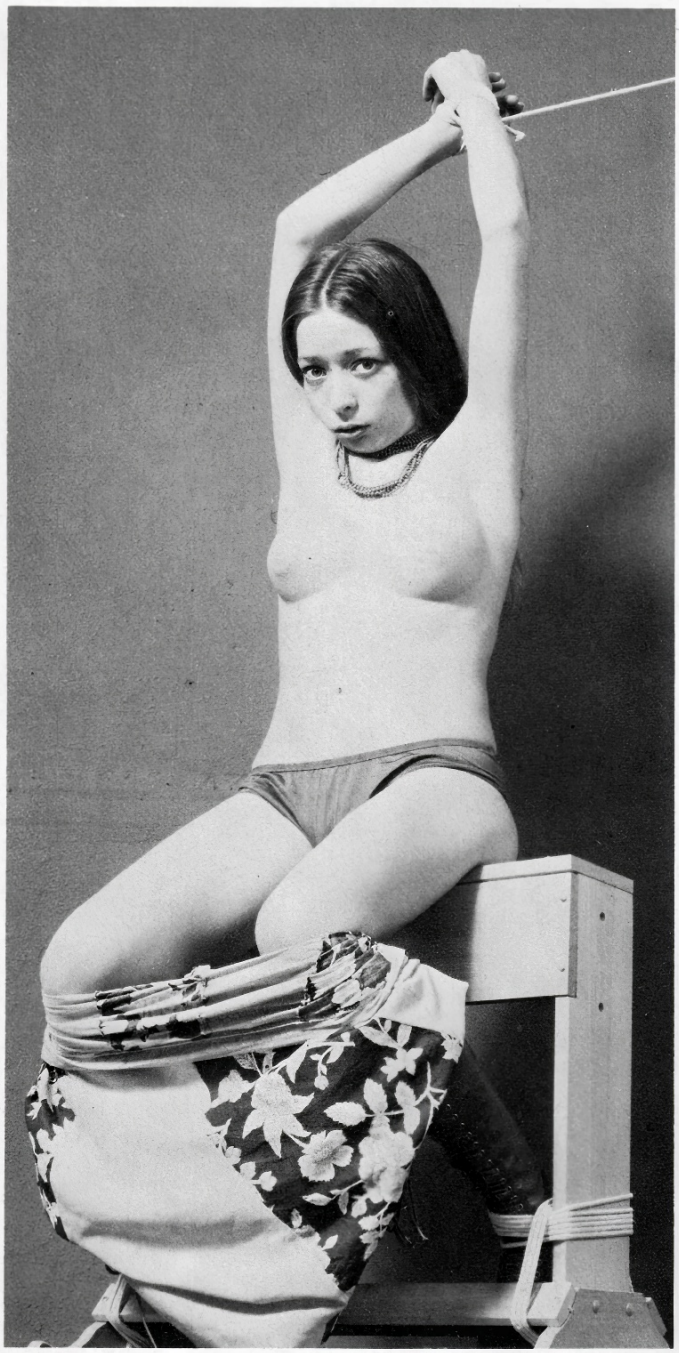
HOT FOX BONDAGE

PUNISHMENT POSITIONS

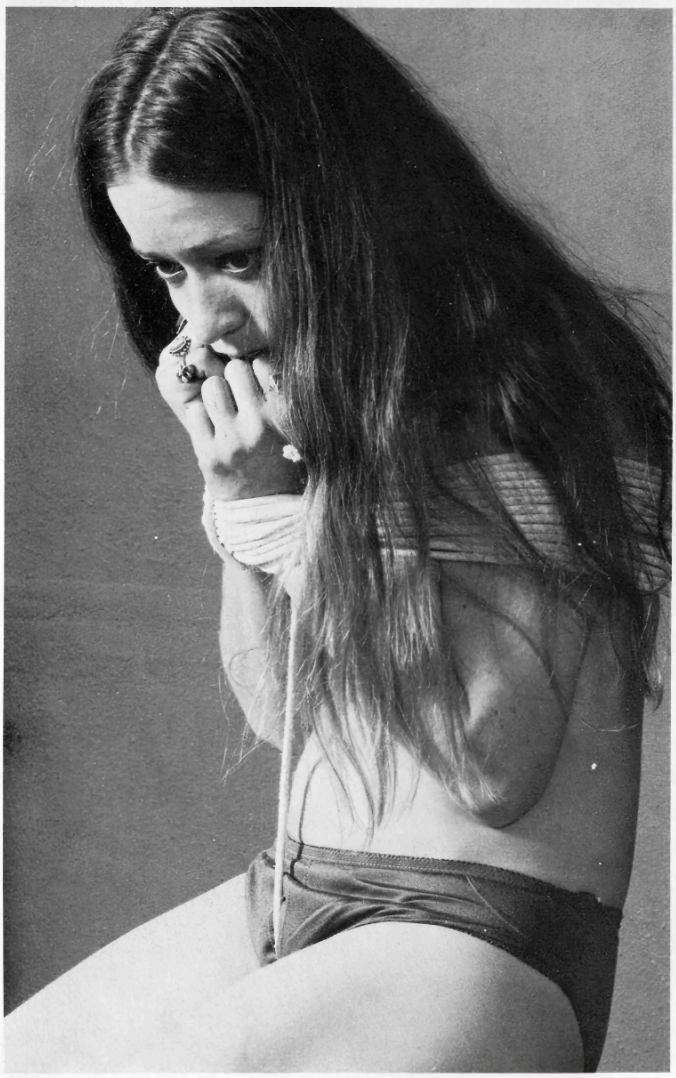


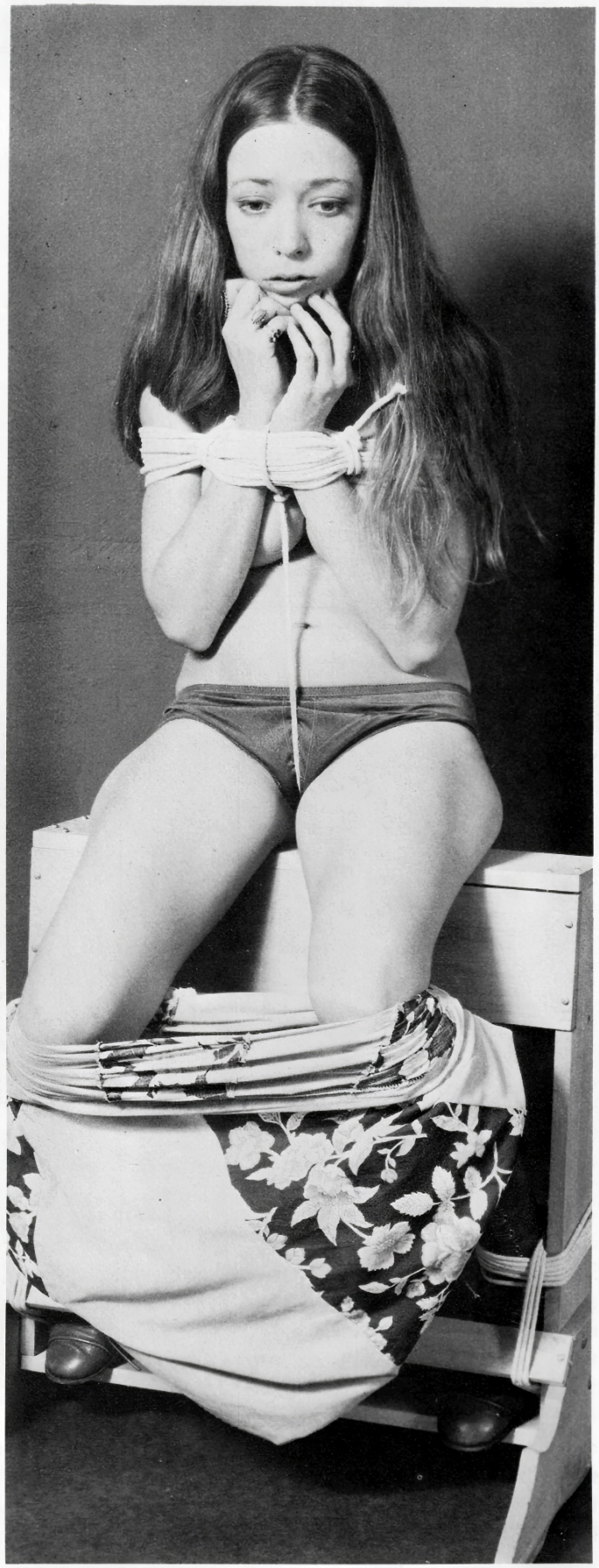
At times Natalie needs a lesson in self-discipline. When she fails to remain in the proper position while I am administering her discipline, an unforgettable lesson is in order. After binding her to the punishment stool and exposing her lovely young breasts, we are ready to begin.

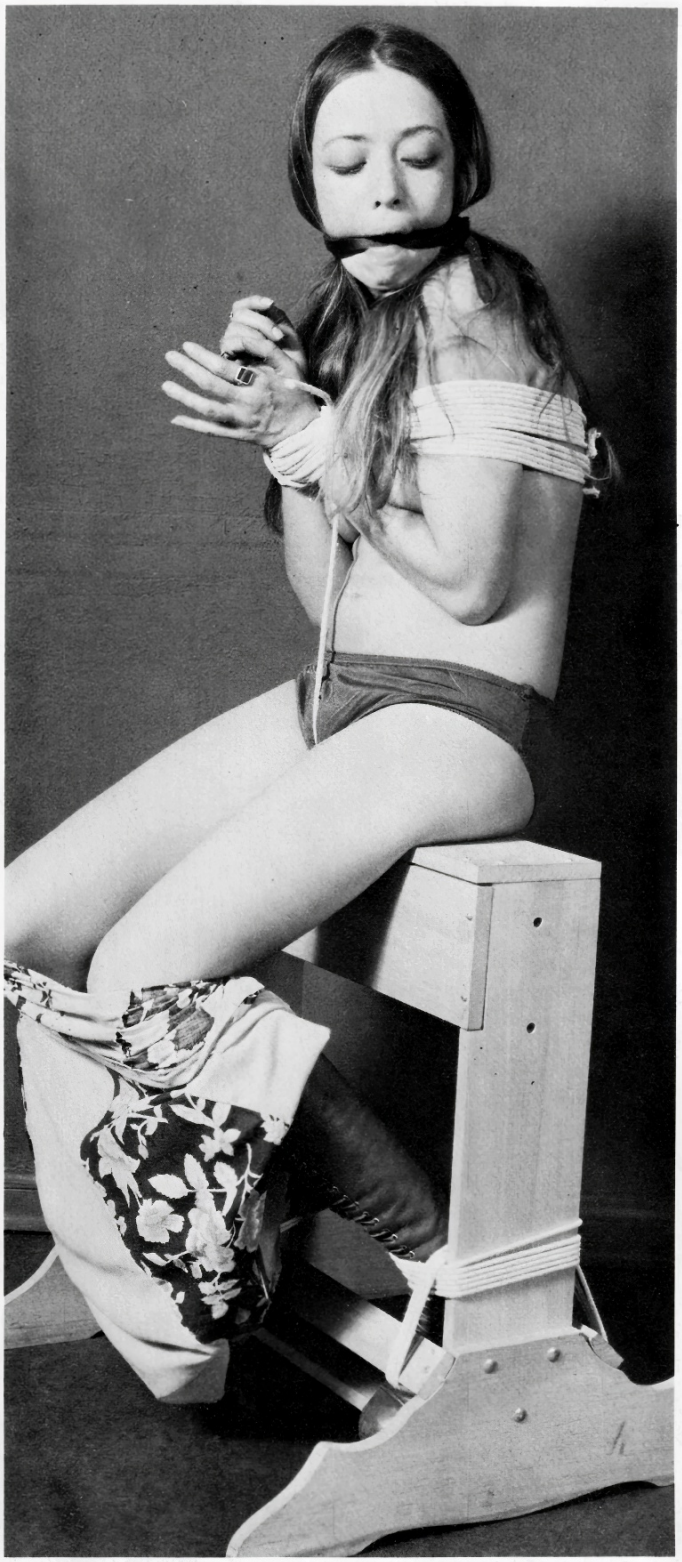


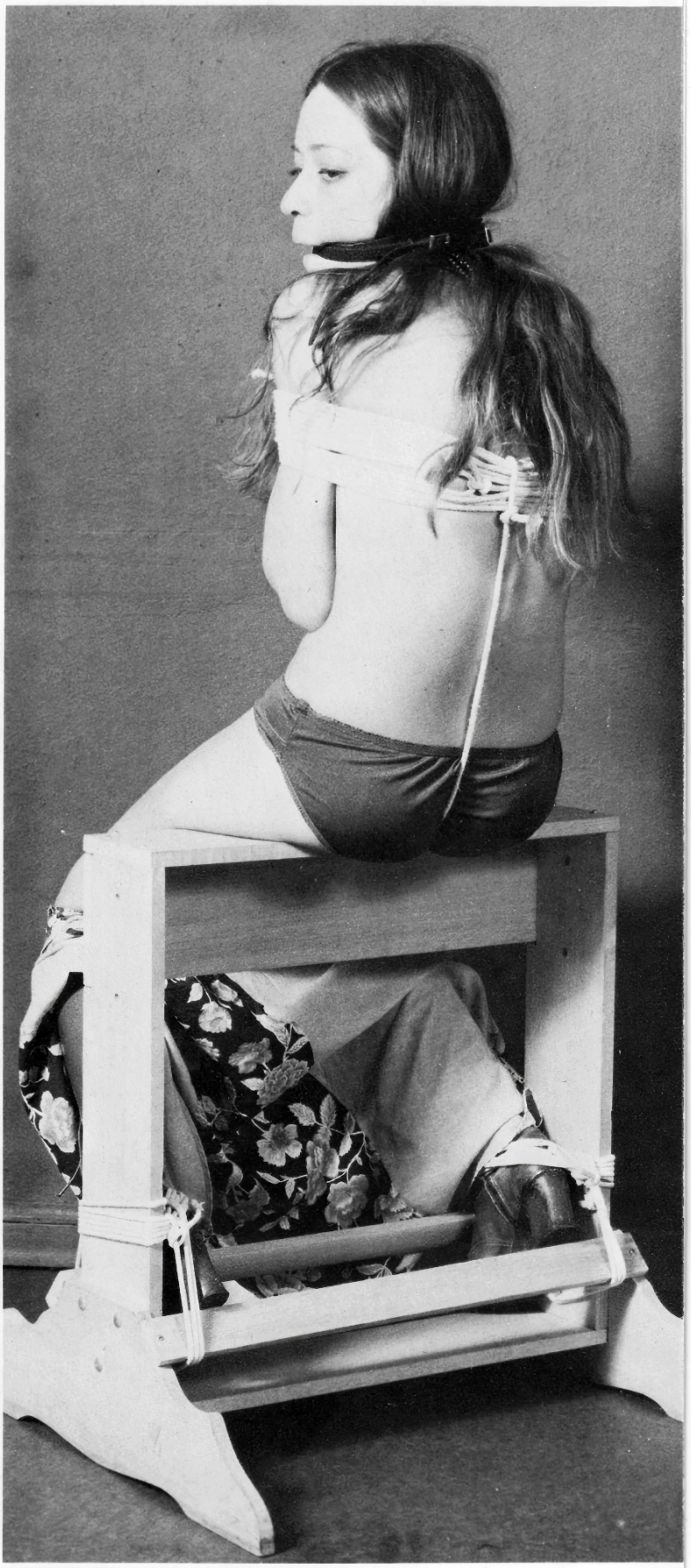


A few slaps bring her nipples to attention. Clothespins are then clipped to the hard rosebuds. As the lecture begins, punctuated by an occasional pinch or slap, my slinky cat-o-nine tails comes out and tenderly mauls her satin body. The piercing needles and nipple rings are sterilized and brought before her. Beads of sweat break out all over Natalie's body and pleas for mercy flow from her lips. As the flashing point comes closer to her upstanding rosebud I explain that slaves that refuse to remain in position during discipline must have rings put through their nipples, then I would be assured of her motionlessness during punishment. Her fervent promises of total obedience soon convince me to be lenient. Natalie knows that the next time there will be no mercy.

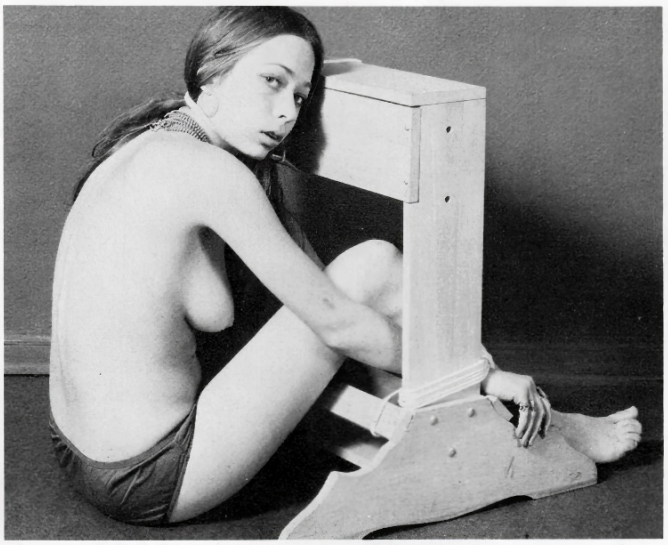




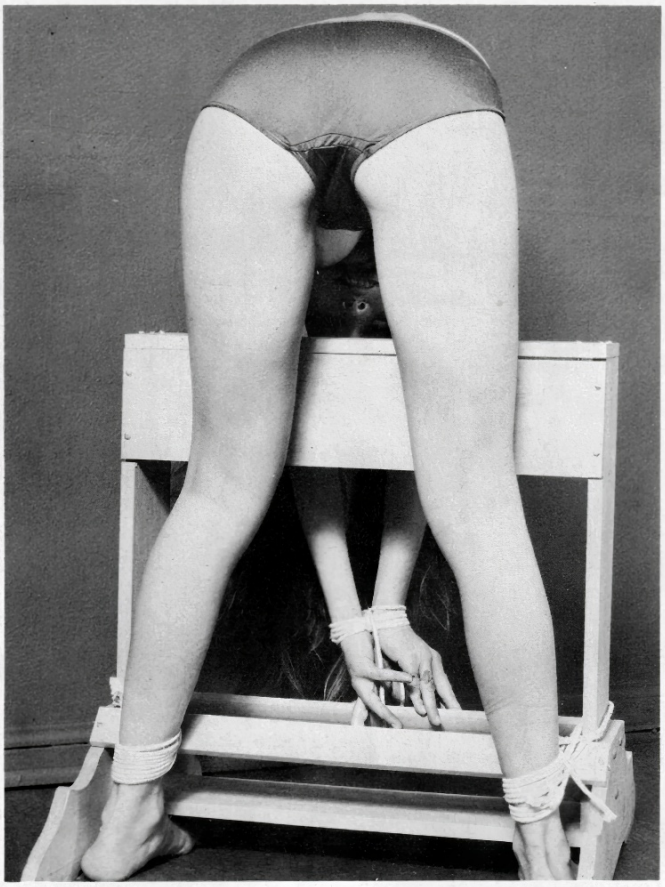


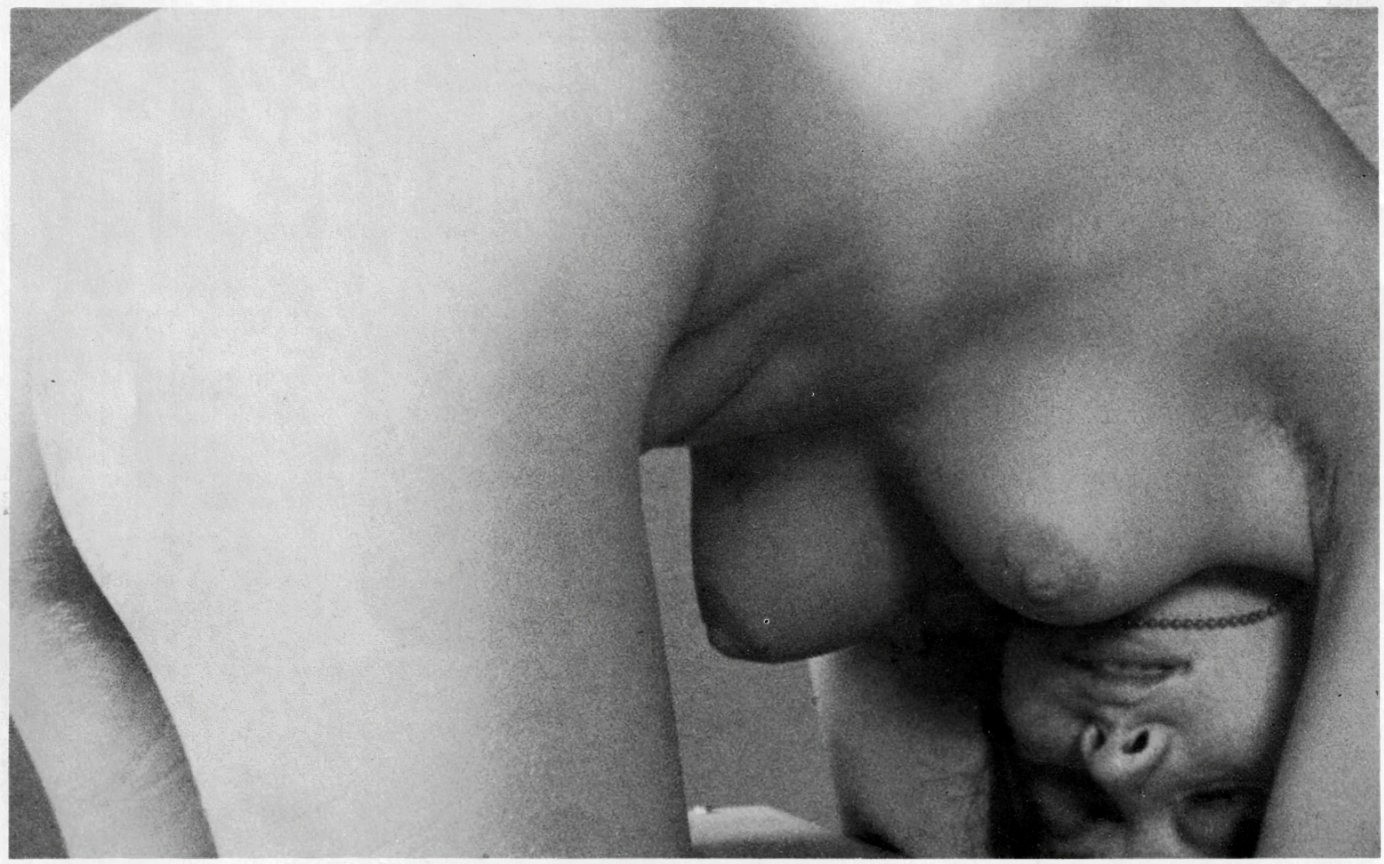


While her Master eats his dinner Natalie must remain on the punishment stool, awaiting the evening's punishment. She knows that even her Master's leniency is usually very painful. Her pants soon become moist and the crotch rope enables her to moisten them even more. Her body shudders with a huge orgasm as her Master's footsteps approach.

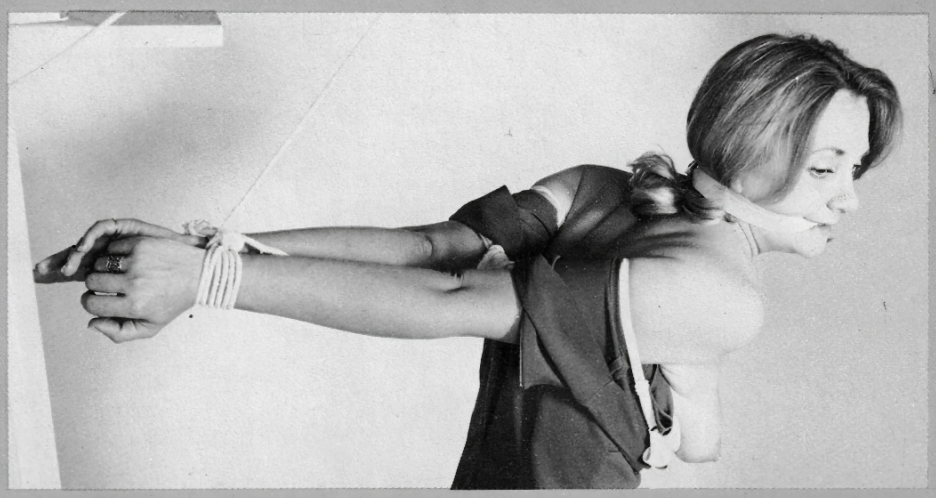


Her back vulnerable, the cat burns its message indelably into her soul. After the proper portion of discipline has been administered, she is retied, now vulnerable for her final penitence. Slowly I take the tube of lubricant out of my pocket, squeeze a fair portion on to my fingers and apply it to her quivering asshole. She begged me to untie her so she could remain in position on her own. Soon Natalie proved her complete devotion.





HER FIRST BONDAGE LESSON

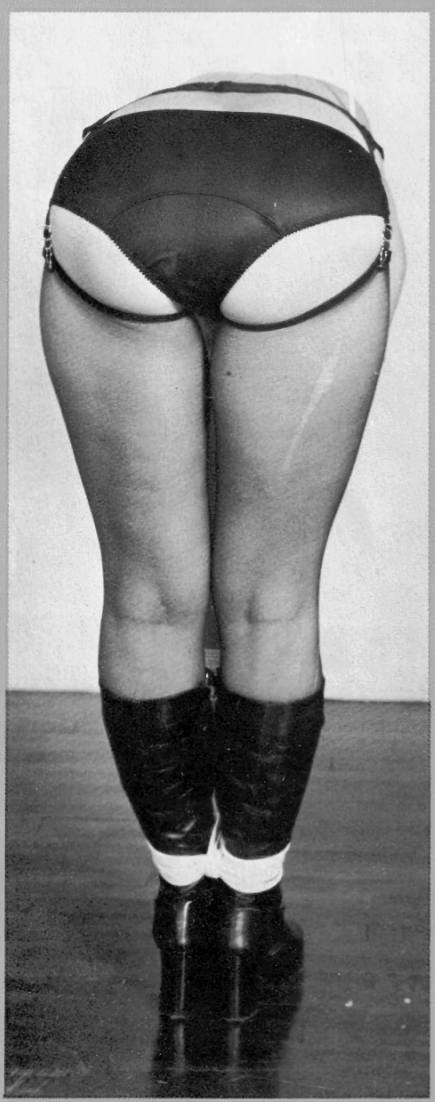


She breathed heavily as the first loops were wound around her wrists. Brenda, in search of new thrills, presented herself to me for preliminary training. After binding her wrists and arms securely behind her I pulled her dress and bra down, then hoisted her arms up painfully. Her mouth was held open with a tight winding of rubber strap. Saliva dripped from her mouth as I explained her duties.

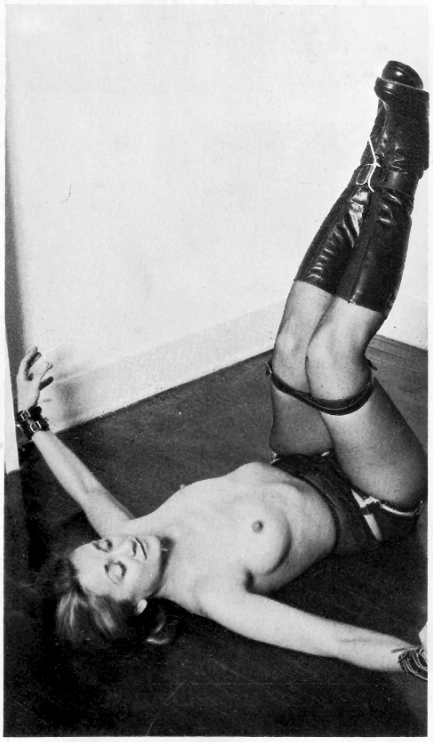
Brenda's body moved in a sensuous dance as my hands explored the wonders of her body. Sliding my hand into her panties, I began to massage her hardened clit. Her moans of pleasure were music to my ears. When I stopped and began to walk away, she demanded that I finish her. I explained that slaves do not make demands and decided that some discipline was called for.

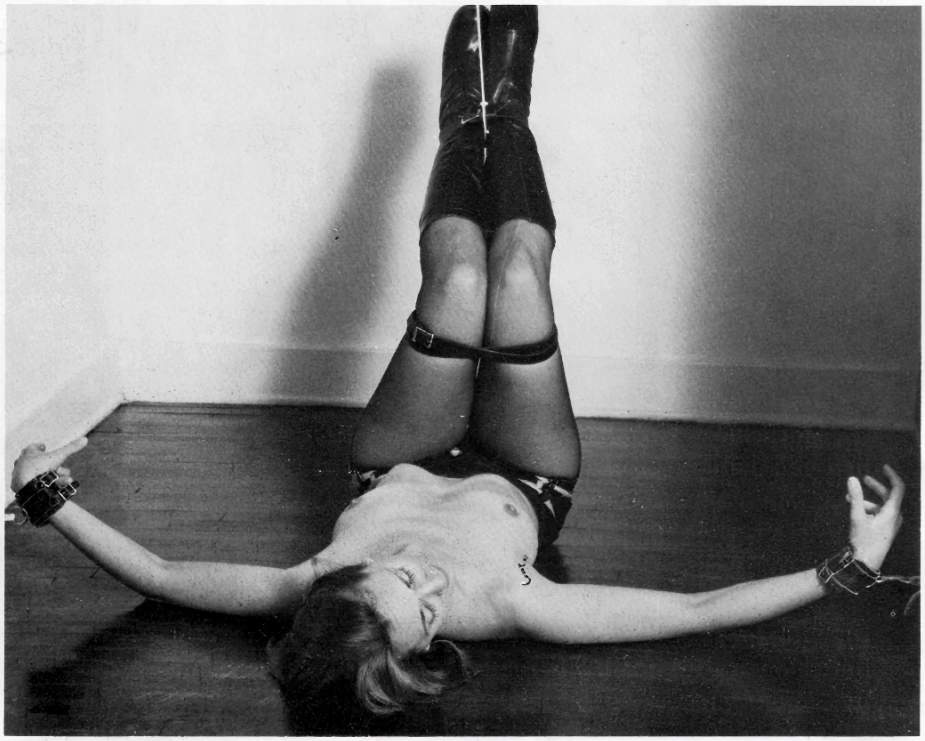
KEEP OUT

The Occult

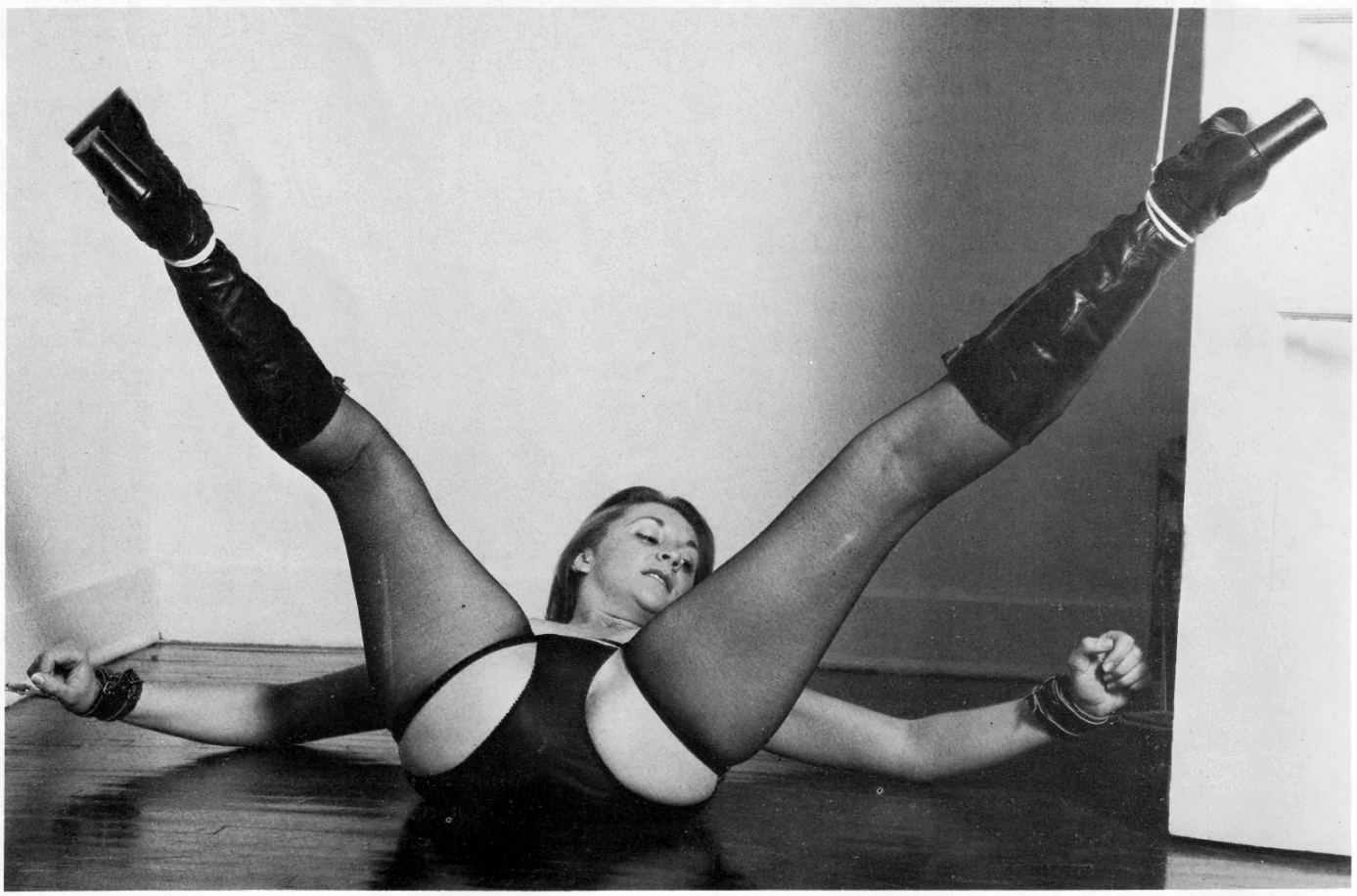


The punishment I decided on was a healthy dose of "bottom justice". After securing her in position I applied the spanks to her luscious globes with a leather gloved hand, lightly at first, then with increasing vigor. Fifty swats later, Brenda's tear streaked face showed the lesson was sinking in.





A few whacks of the punishment paddle with legs pulled up and the lesson was learned. Spreading and securing her legs, I prepared her for the consumation of her initiation. With a small plastic tub and a cleaning nozzle she was made sanitary for her Master's pleasure.



HOUSE OF THE INQUISITOR

By Master Mandrake

The house stood empty for many centuries. Castle would be more accurate, for this huge stone structure had more rooms than many apartment buildings. Four towers rose from the corners of the huge domed edifice. Thick moss clung to the ancient building stones. During the middle ages, this was the abode of the Inquisitor in this district. For this reason the family that owned it had found no one to sell it to. There were even stories of a curse. A young heretic, during his agonies on the rack, swore that he would return. People living nearby would tell of terrifying sounds coming from there when the moon was full and the wind blew from that direction.

Marlene Henderson entered. The huge wooden door groaned with the sound of untold ages. "This is it," she squealed with delight to the real estate agent. "I've been looking for a place like this since my inheritance came through. Most of these old places were torn down and replaced by factories or the like. I want a place with soul!"

The realtor looked at her for a moment. Long raven colored hair flowed down to where her large firm breasts caused her blouse to bulge enticingly. Soft white skin contrasted sharply with her dark hair and piercing brown eyes.

"Normally I wouldn't say this, I'd like to make the sale, but this is no place for a beautiful young lady like you. The people from town won't come near this place even in the daytime. They say it's cursed. People were tortured to death in these towers. The equipment is still intact."

"That is exactly why I want this place my dear fellow," she snapped. "Will you sell it to me or do I talk with the owners."

"Very well, sighed the realtor. "I'll have the papers ready tomorrow morning. You may move in then."

Torture! The mention of that word sent shivers down her spine. Since she was young and her governess, Aunt Jessie, had whipped her with a cat-of-nine tales, she knew that she was different. In spite of her screams and protests, the lash cutting into her tender young ass cheeks had brought her first orgasm. Many a time she would misbehave, knowing that her efforts would be rewarded by the lash that she craved. When her parents found out about their rather unusual relationship, Jessie was fired and run out of town. Marlene really hated to see her go.

Her parents punished her when she was naughty by taking away her allowance and locking her in her room without dinner. That wasn't any fun so her behavior improved greatly. Marlene didn't have much to do with boys. They wouldn't whip her and tried to do dirty things to her. That wasn't any fun either so she dreamed of Aunt Jessie and wished she would return.

A torture chamber of her very own! Her heart pounded loudly as she opened the door. The groan of its ancient hinges died slowly along the corridors. Instruments of every description hung from the walls, racks and strapado equipment stood where they had been abandoned. The rust of ages flaked from their metal. The shrieks of tortured souls oozed from the very fabric of the air. It could be sensed rather than heard. The smell of death permeated the walls. Moisture began to form between her thighs. She had a powerful urge to play with her dirty but resisted it. She still had to unpack. There would be plenty of time for her playroom.

Later that afternoon the realtor came by to see how she liked her castle. It was the talk of the town. When she asked him up to see her torture chamber he stuttered a hasty goodbye and hurried off down the road.

After getting the kitchen in some kind of usable condition, Marlene cooked herself dinner, then retired to the bedroom, the private bedroom of the inquisitor himself. Soon after she dozed off dreams began to come to her. They seemed almost like memories.

She was in a man's body. "Witch, Witch," they screamed at him as he was dragged from his house. They bound him hand and foot, then threw him into a wagon. A wrinkled old hag looked down. "They'll burn you witch. After you confess. You

shunned the Lord. Now you'll taste his wrath."

The wagon moved out toward the castle of the inquisitor. Along the road people stood yelling, "Witch. They'll burn you. Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," and pelted him with rotten garbage.

The inquisitor spoke solemnly. "Confess to your sins young man and pray for the forgiveness of the Lord."

"I am no witch," he said, "The Baron wants my land. I speak the words of the Lord daily and confess regularly. The Baron . . ."

"Silence!" ordered the inquisitor. "I've listened to enough of the lies the devil put in your mouth. You will confess. Now or later. It's up to you."

"You must listen, I'm not a witch," he screamed as they dragged him toward the tower.

"I'm not a witch," she screamed and sat up abruptly in bed.

Unable to go back to sleep, Marlene climbed the steps to the tower. Her pussy felt wet as she walked. She entered the torture chamber and the urge came over her again.

Marlene put her fingers against the front of her pants and began to massage slowly. The scent of untold centuries of horror and agony aroused her to a frantic pitch. She slipped her hand beneath her briefs and began fondling her clitoris. A moan of ecstasy escaped her lips. She picked up an old thumbscrew and began to fondle it, as she fondled her pussy with her other hand. Waves of passion coursed through her body. She conjured images of the exquisite agonies that had been experienced within these walls. Flakes of rust dropped from the aging thumbscrew, as she fondled it harder and harder. She imagined it on the tip of a tall young man's cock. She began to turn it tighter. His screams of pain and the flowing blood could be seen in her mind's eye. Then he was tightening it on her breast. Waves of agony crashed through her body. Her hand was frantically clutching her clit. Marlene's body exploded and juices flowed from her pussy in torrents as she experienced her very first orgasm since Aunt Jessie's departure.

Spears of sunlight came through the barred window, awakening Marlene from her deep sleep. Her left breast throbbed, even though she knew that last night had been a fantasy. It had seemed unusually real though. How wonderful would it have been, she thought, if she had been born 600 years earlier.

Marlene began thinking of the tower as it must have been when construction was completed. The instruments hanging on the walls ready for use, the rack without a single spot of rust on its' chains, or stain of blood on its' wood, ready for her to initiate. Her handsome young heretic was lashed to the rack, prepared for the ordeal. She knew that this was the only way to save his soul. "It's for his own good," she thought as she built a fire in the small brasier. The cross shaped branding irons were laid on the coals, the knives were honed to razor sharpness, and the whips hung in their proper places along with the thumbscrews and other paraphernalia. Hideous screams were audible from the other towers. A scream came from nearby. She was standing over the young man and lashing his cock with a wicked leather whip. Crimson stripes appeared on his dick, balls, and upper thighs. Spatters of blood clung to his pubic hairs and the whip.

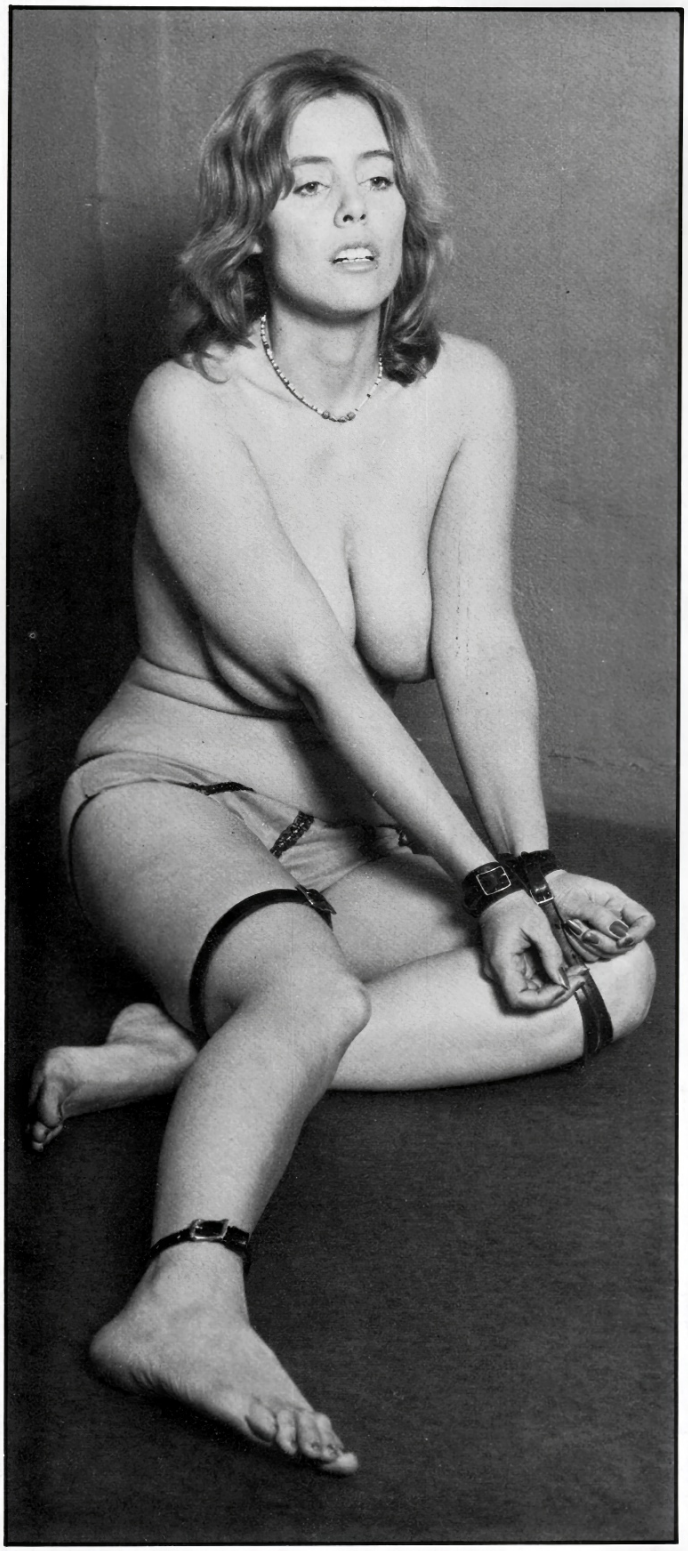
Marlene had the whip in one hand, while with the other she fondled her crotch. With each lash of the whip she drove her fingers up into her cunt, then withdrew them, rubbing them along her clit. Pussy juice dripped down her legs. She put down the whip and began to manipulate his bleeding organ. Moans of pain filled the room. His cock was the biggest she had ever seen. Blood oozed from the many deep cuts and covered her hand. She climbed up on the rack and placed herself over his organ. He shrieked as his damaged member was pushed hard against her virgin pussy.

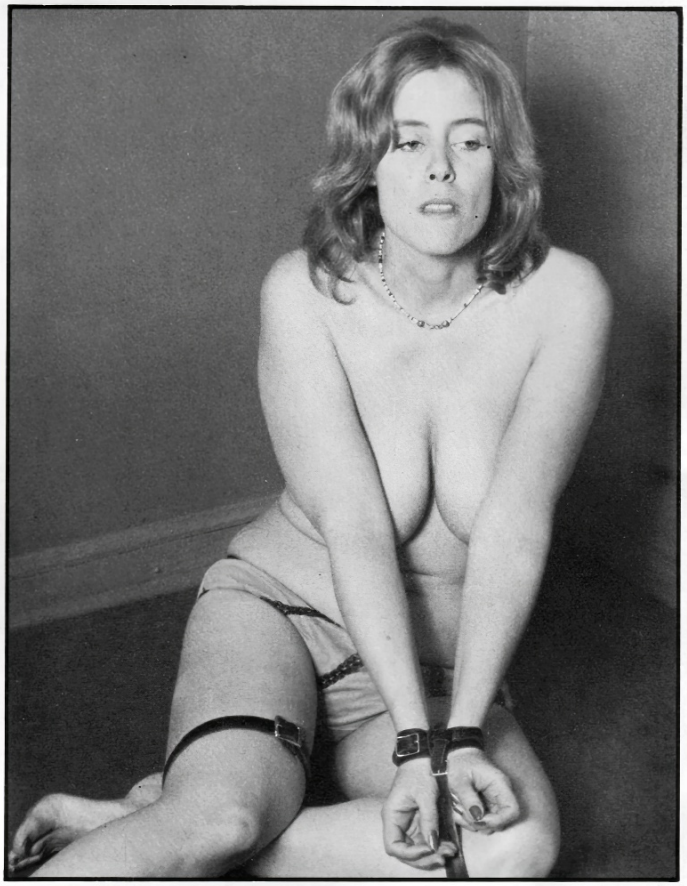
She was being slowly lowered on a huge wooden wedge jutting from the top of the table. It was about 5" square on the bottom and rose to a point a foot and a half above. She could feel the flaming agony where he had branded her pussy moments before. A shriek from the netherworld issued forth from her lips as the monsterous weapon burst her maindenhead and entered her swiftly. She was beyond pain, impaled, her life's blood squeezing past the wooden wedge and forming a pool on the tabletop. He walked over to her, brushed the hair off of her face and kissed her tenderly on the lips. "Now we will be together forever," he whispered as her heart fell silent.

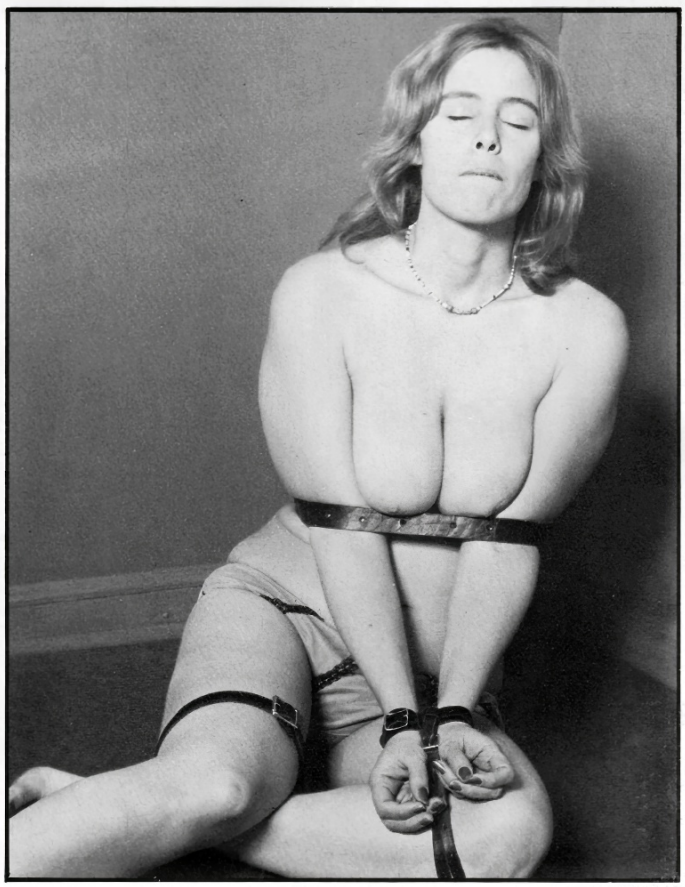
The police inspector was stunned. The door had been locked from the inside! A pool of blood covered the table and the floor. She sat naked in the center of the table, a thumbscrew tightened on her breast. Blood ran down her chest and into the puddle on the table. There was a cross branded in her pubic hair, ending on her clit. She was impaled on a stake protruding from the table. The inspector wretched and walked out. He would never forget the smile on her face.

STRAPPED FOR ACTION

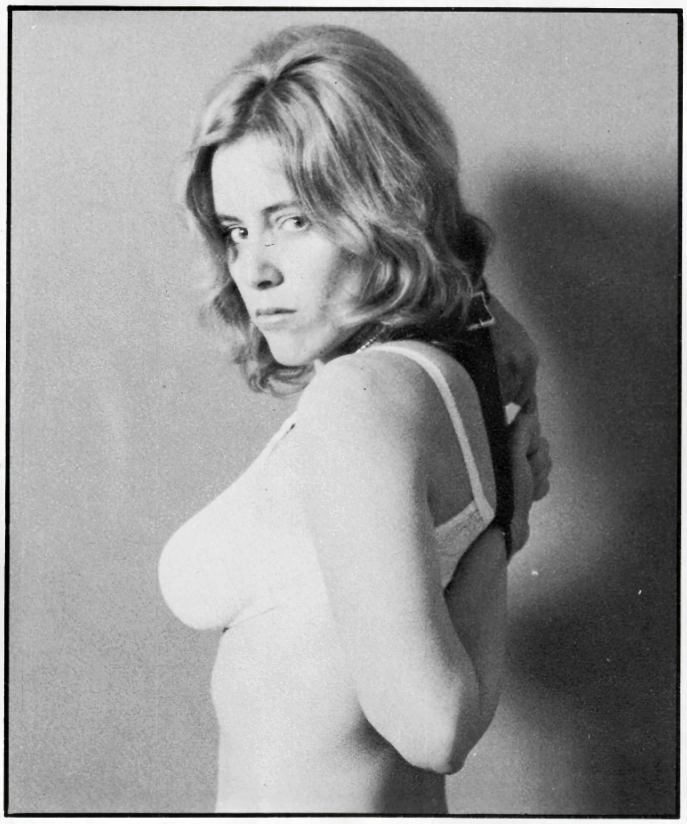
Jan, a slave of mine, is currently undergoing extensive training in the strap room. At first we begin with the easier positions to let her body become accustomed to the tight buckled bands of leather. My rod became stiff with anticipation as I watched her helpless struggling.

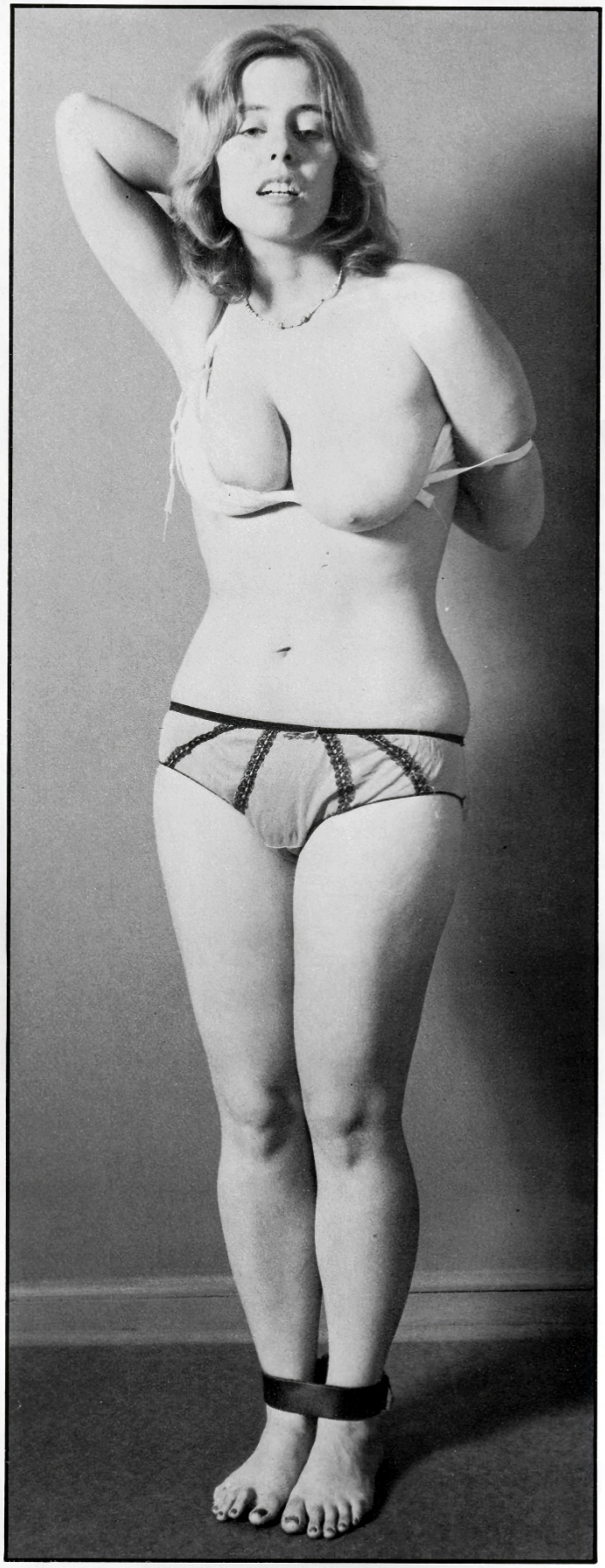


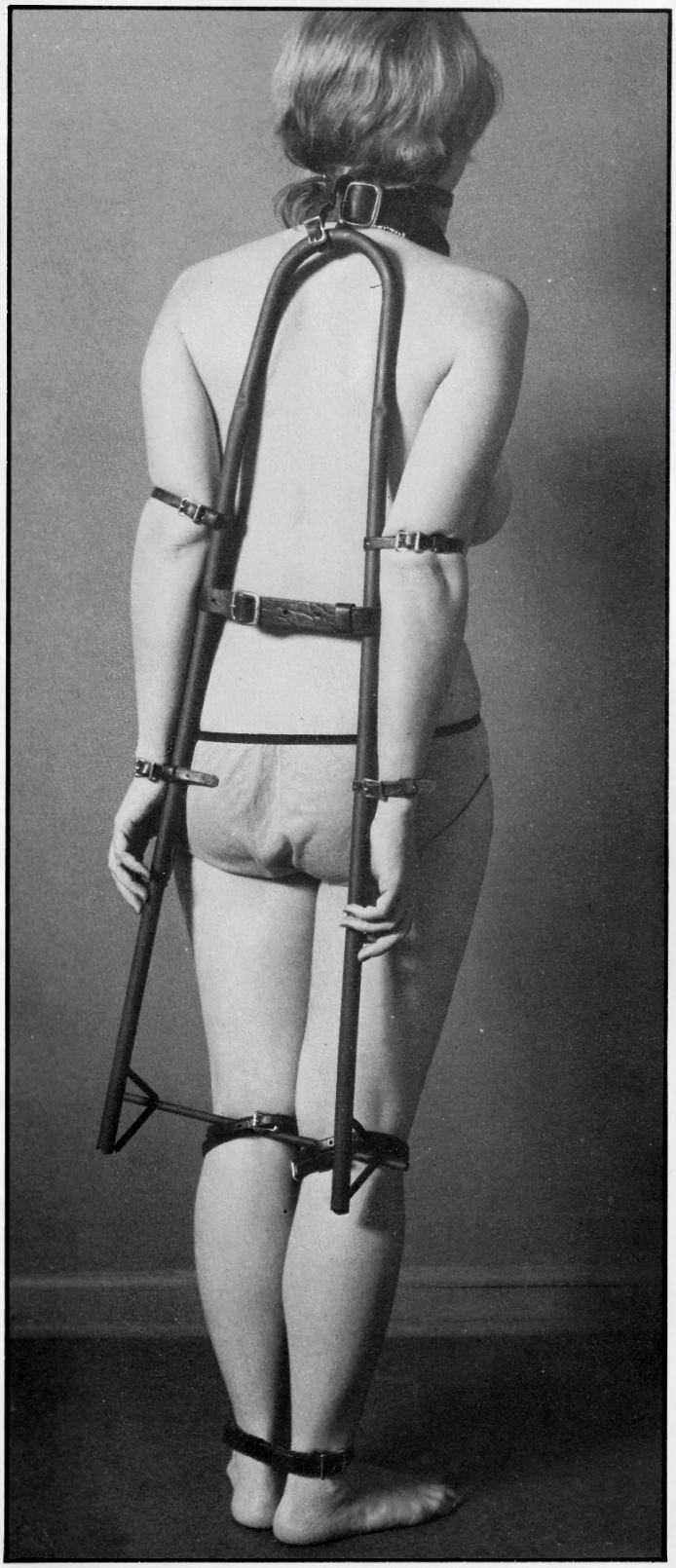


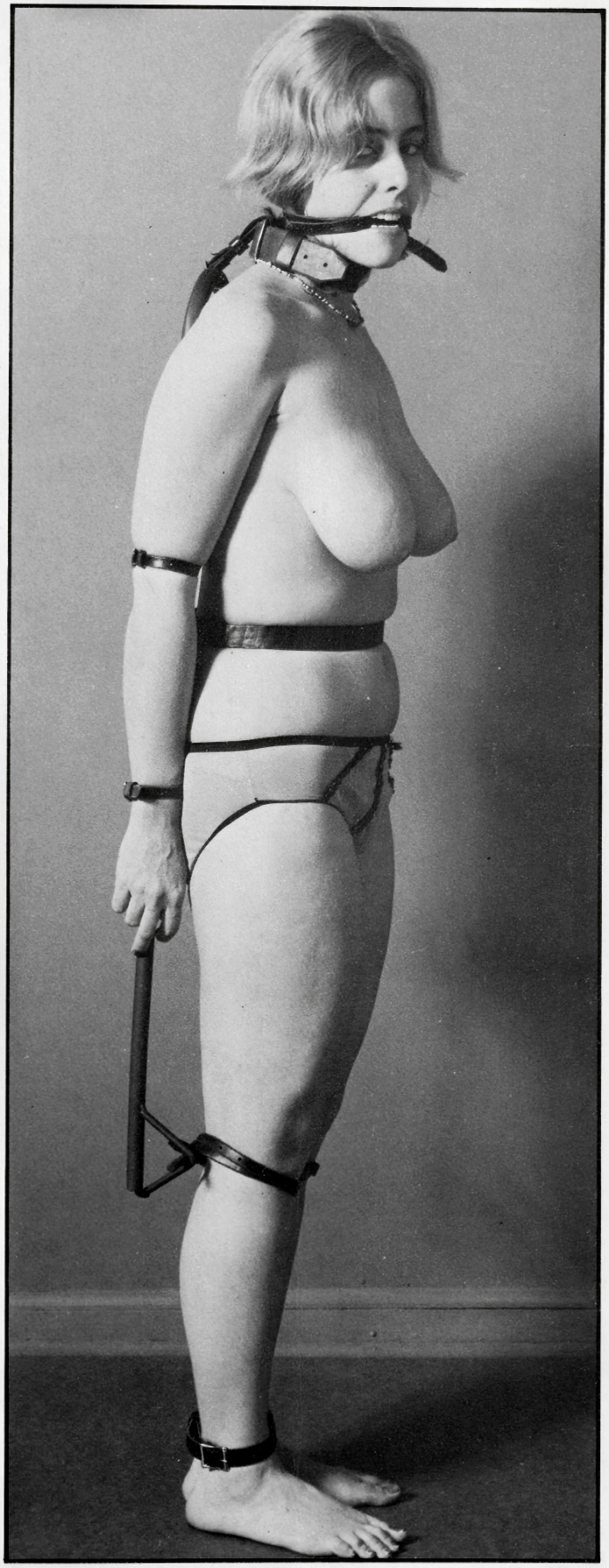


I reapplied the body strap to include her elbows, leaving her voluptuous breasts vulnerable. Jan's nipples became hard as I began to massage them, gently at first, then with increasing pressure. Her moans of pleasure soon became cries of pain as my caresses changed to pinches. My cruel pinches continued and she moaned as she gave good service to her Master.









After Jan proved her self-discipline and willingness to please, I decided to give her some limbering exercises. The body brace then performed its assigned task; to keep my little slave's idle hands out of trouble while her Master is occupied elsewhere.

SLAVE

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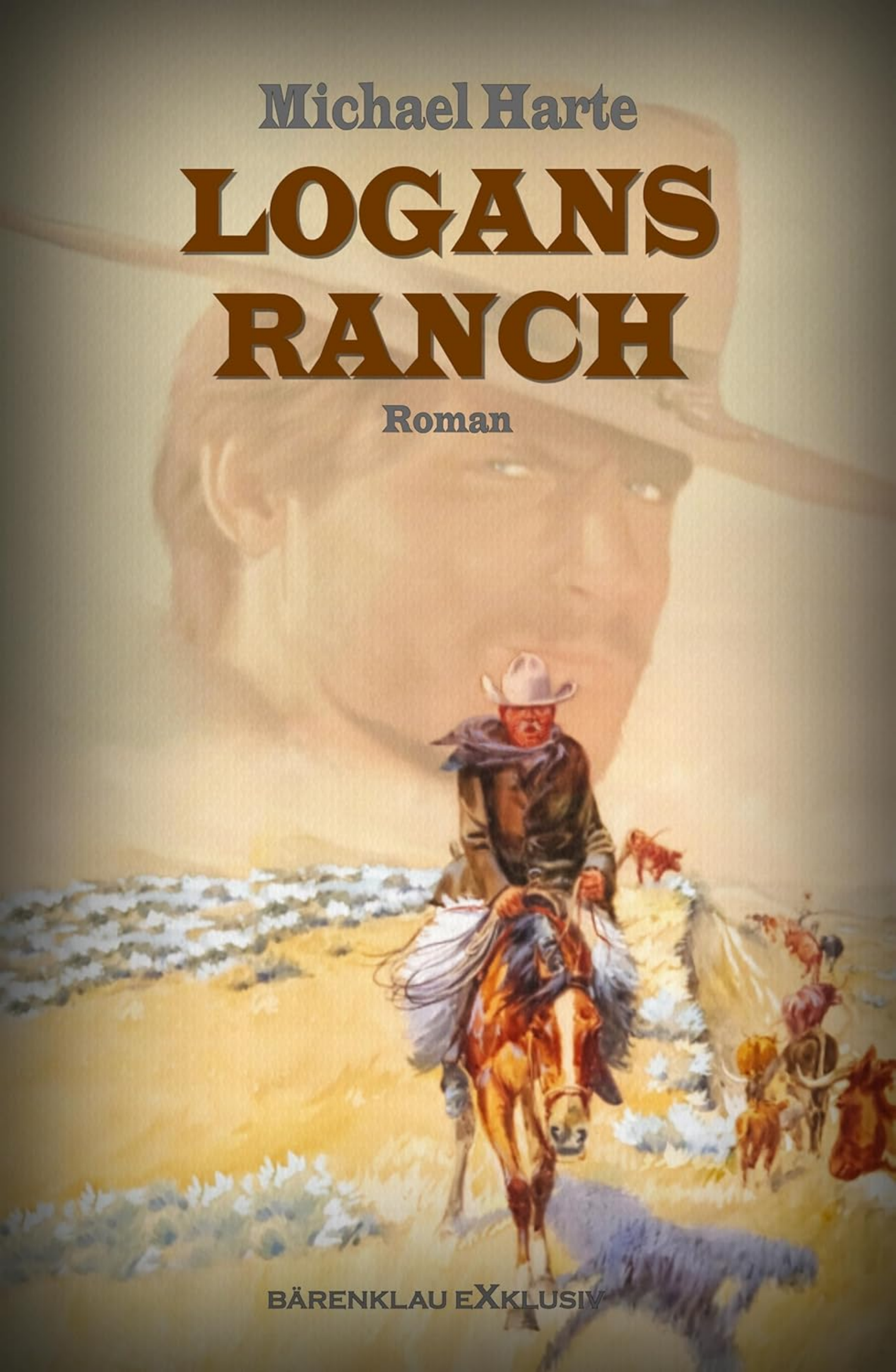

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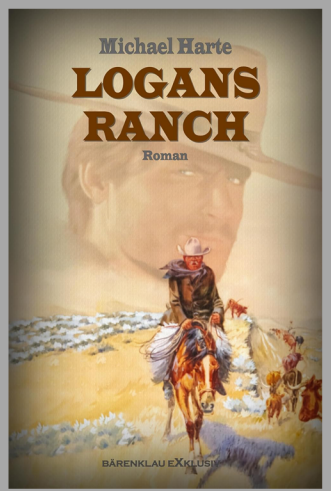
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